

PS 3537
T42 H6
1914

The
HONEYSUCKLE



**THE COMPLETE POEMS OF
MRS. KATE MAUD SPEED**

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Mrs. Kate Maude Speed.

PS



MRS. KATE MAUD SPEED

THE HONEYSUCKLE
BY
MRS. KATE MAUD SPEED

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY
B. HARRISON FISHER
AND A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
BY
WM. E. CLEMENS



TOLEDO, OHIO
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ENCOMIUMS

The Life and Poems of Mrs. Katie Maud Speed, containing a biography of the author by W. E. Clemens, Past Grand Master of Masonic Lodges of Ohio, and prominent citizen of Toledo.

Introduction by B. Harrison Fisher, L. L. B., Toledo, O.

Sketches by the following leading men of Toledo and elsewhere:

Albert A. Payne, graduate of the Toledo High School, and Grand High Priest of Royal Arch Masons for the State of Ohio.

Rev. B. F. McWilliams, Pastor of the Third Baptist Church of Toledo.

Hon. John H. Bowles, Most Eminent Grand Commander of Knights Templar, Cleveland, Ohio.

A. L. Harris, former Pastor Third Baptist Church of Toledo, now a resident of Chicago, Illinois.

A. M. Clemens, Mail Carrier, and long a resident of Toledo.

Rev. Daniel Carter, D. D., Pastor of the M. E. Church at Fayette, Ohio.

Forest Mitchell, graduate of Frankfort High School, Frankfort, Indiana, and licentiate minister of the Third Baptist Church.

Mrs. Ada Brown Stewart, Secretary of the Federation of Colored Women's Clubs of Ohio.

Rev. J. C. Taylor, Pastor of Friendship Temple, Toledo, Ohio.

Endorsement by the Hon. Carl H. Keller, Mayor of Toledo, Ohio.

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B. HARRISON FISHER

FOREWORD.

Why I have called my little book *The Honeysuckle* is that as this clinging, climbing shrub entwines itself to all it comes in contact with. So may this little book of verse entwine itself around the heart of you my readers and linger there. It has been my steadfast purpose to give to the world my Poems as God inspired me and if in any instance I have failed—deal gently kind reader—and know the error was of the head and not of the heart.

The Author.

INTRODUCTION.

By B. Horrisen Fisher L. L. B.

I was honored by the author of this book to write the introduction, but the very name of Mrs. Kate Maude Speed is introduction enough in itself. Whenever we hear it called, whenever we read it, whenever we see her face we think of those little sprightly rhymes, of those poetical gems of Dunbar—for poets are born and not made.

It has been my good pleasure to have known the writer and reader for a number of years, and during that time nothing has impressed me so much as her gift of poetical expression.

Well we know that there has never been an occasion when called upon that she did not respond in her most happy vein. Although she may call them fragmentary, they run through the whole gauntlet of human life—Happiness, Sorrow, Dialect, Ambition, Discouragement, Pride, in fact Life itself is represented. I would not have you believe that her rhythm and meter are perfect, yet is anything perfect except what is Fashioned by the Hand of the Almighty, but the Thought, the Feeling is there and that is worth all. I could go on and write volumes of this woman and her poems, but it is needless for no words of mine can make them better than they really are.

I am quite sure that each and every person who is proud of this great Negro race commends her effort to give the world the benefit of her gift, for knowledge and power are of no avail unless they can be imparted. I ask you to deal charitably with her for who knows what Tears, what Heart Aches, what Sacrifices are wrapped up in these little pages. If there be mistakes, remember they are unintentional, for after all it is not the dotted "i" that we want but the meaning,

and the lesson they teach. I heartily commend her to the public and predict that this will be the means of giving her the recognition she so justly deserves, for too many of our "Flowers bloom to waste their sweetness on the desert air."

With apologies, I remain sincerely,

B. Harrison Fisher.

Toledo, Ohio, April 29, 1914.

Mrs. K. Maud Speed, our fellow townswoman, has written a book of Songs and Poems, which I believe to be worthy of all attention and consideration.

Mrs. Speed was born in Toledo, and her father, J. C. Greener, one of Toledo's oldest colored citizens, kept a barber shop for a quarter of a century at the corner of Summit and Adams streets, where the Thompson-Hudson store is now located. Mrs. Speed was one of the first colored girls to enter the Toledo High School.

But I believe that the people of Toledo will do all they can to encourage any among us who possess talent. But aside from the fact that Mrs. Speed is perhaps the first colored woman to publish a book of verse, her book, "Songs and Poems," shows marked literary ability. Her work has the fine musical rhythm that one expects from her race, and some of her dialect poems have been most favorably compared to those of Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

CARL H. KELLER,
Mayor of Toledo.

"Humanity does not only want poetic words and rhythmic
rhymes,
But deeds and actions from a life sublime around your heart
let the Savior's love entwine,
Then you'll really love and lift the fallen of mankind."

Forrest Mitchell.
Toledo, O.

The author of this volume of poems, Mrs. Kate M. Speed, has been known to me several years as a woman of most excellent personal character, high ideals of life, and a most earnest and zealous friend and promotor of every move-

ment that could in any way advance and uplift her people, and make the world a better place to live in.

That she possessed the "poetic gift," in a marked degree, has been known to her more intimate friends for some time, and, believing that her poems were worthy of a general circulation, they have encouraged her to publish them in book form. I have listened to the recital of many of the poems of this collection, with pleasure and profit, and bespeak for the published volume a most favorable reception at the hands of the reading public.

(Rev.) Daniel Carter, D. D.,
Pastor M. E. Church,
Fayette, Ohio.

Toledo, June 29th, 1914.

There is one mind common to all individuals. This human mind wrote poetry, and this must read it. What the immediate future holds for this little book no one can foretell. But one thing is certain, that men and women of the coming time will, I am sure, be filled with admiration for the patient work of the author, in her determination and persistence, in spite of doubts and fears which such an effort causes. Perhaps the women born in the happier days that are to come, will with us rejoice in the inheritance that she of today has prepared for them.

I am pleased to add my meed of collection of poems to the work of Mrs. Speed's maturer years. Hoping that great success may crown the effort.

Sincerely yours,
Adah Brown Stewart,

Mrs. K. M. Speed,
Toledo, Ohio.

My Dear Sister:

Your letter is received. I have been so busy with my Court work that I have not had the time to answer earlier.

I am pleased to know that so many of the leading citizens of both races in your beloved city heartily endorse author and book.

I am convinced that your poems will stand the examination of the most critical. May God's blessing be upon you and your book.

Very respectfully,

A. L. Harris.

Chicago, 5-30-'14.

Toledo, Ohio, July 3, 1914.

I have read some of the poems in this volume in the original manuscript, and I have heard the author recite others. Any one acquainted with the laws of versification will agree with me that the poems of Mrs. Katie Maud Speed are a sure prophecy of the literary possibilities of the race. If the reading of these lines shall but awaken the poetic fire that lies slumbering in some other sable breasts, they will not have been written in vain. I subscribe my conviction that in giving to the public these verses Mrs. Speed has made the race her debtor.

B. F. McWilliams.

In placing her poems before the public, Mrs. K. Maude Speed is about to accomplish a life's desire.

It has been my good fortune and great pleasure to enjoy an acquaintance with Mrs. Speed for a number of years, during all of which time she has given to the world of letters, gems of thought which we are now to enjoy gathered together in one volume.

Unlike the Classic Virgil, she sings not of "Arms and the Man" but rather of those thoughts and ideals which are near and dear to us all. Of Life and its beauties, of Nature in its rapturous garb and of the people and places we all know and love

Too much credit and praise cannot be given to one, who, tho oftines discouraged and laboring under difficulties which were never reflected in her verse, knew not what it meant to despair.

As a reward for her perseverance, Mrs. Speed is at last permitted to give to you, to me, to us all, this beautiful little book of poems and may each word, each line, each verse of it lift us up to do greater, grander and nobler things.

Sincerely yours,

Albert A. Payne.

After eighteen years personal acquaintance, I have no hesitancy in saying that the authoress of these poems possesses a gift seldom found in human society. She justly merits the title of being one of Toledo's gifted daughters in rhymatics.

Rev. J. C. Taylor,
Pastor Friendship Temple,
Toledo, Ohio.

Columbus, Ohio, June 5th, 1914.

I wish to add this testimonial to the noble worth of Mrs. Katie Maude Speed, assuming all who read these poems, must appreciate the worth and energy of the author. Her contributions to the Masonic fraternity on many occasions inspired many who have heard her to press forward to a nobler life.

Courteously,
John Hawes Bowles,
Grand Commander of K. T. of Ohio.



REV. W. B. LEE

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND
WORKS OF THE AUTHORESS,By William Clemens.

The authoress, Katie Maud Greener, was born in the city of Toledo, her father, Jacob C. Greener, being one of the oldest colored citizens. Toledo at that time was little more than a large village. Mr. Greener rented a house on Erie street, between Orange and Jackson, then called Oak street. It was at this home that the five children were born, Eliza Bell, the eldest, being 18 months old at the time the father moved here with his young wife from Lafayette, Indiana. Mary Alice and Emma Jane, the second and third daughters, died in their infancy; the fourth child, Edith Louisa, lived to young womanhood; the fifth child, Katie Maud, our poetess, and Frances Helen are the only ones living.

Our authoress' father often called her "The Wonder," as she was possessed of a wonderful memory and an intelligence far beyond the average. She began attending school when about six year old in the little old school house in the alley in the rear of Warren A. M. E. Church, a part of the old building being used as a blacksmith shop. The teacher, like her father, thought her a wonderful child, always, as a rule, being up with her classes, yet apparently not giving much time to study. While she was obedient to her teachers, yet she was always full of fun and frolic; the first on the playground at recess, but not always the first in the school room after the bell rang.

Poetry came natural to her. She was continually rhyming; it mattered not at that time about either the meter or

measure, our authoress would get the rhyme in just the same. Upon one occasion when the little girl was scarcely more than seven years old, she sat in school and saw a spider crawling up the wall; she watched it for a few moments, then opening her third reader, she wrote on the fly leaf:

"Spider crawling up the wall,
Take care, spider, you don't fall.
I think I know just what you spy;
You want to catch that little fly."

This is one of the hundreds of little rhymes she would make during school hours. Her teacher told the parents that he could not always find it in his heart to reprimand her whenever he would find her writing poetry during school hours, for in spite of the time she spent in writing poetry, she was always up with her classes in her studies.

A Mr. Clark had charge of the school for about three years, then resigned to study for the ministry. He left Toledo and was not heard of for a great number of years. When the authoress learned of his whereabouts she wrote him a letter. He was then holding a charge in Yellow Springs, Ohio. He sent back in answer a beautiful letter to his pupil, in which he said that he could think of her as nothing but roguish, mischievous Katie. He paid a visit to Toledo shortly afterward, just to once more see his pupil, who had been to him, in the dear old days, a mixture of comfort and sorrow. Mrs. Lucy Staunton Day took charge of the school after Mr. Clark resigned, and our authoress went to her until the mixed schools for the Colored and White were inaugurated in Toledo.

The authoress was one of the first Colored girls to enter the High School. There were four in all, namely: Maxie Franklin, Nellie Franklin, Alice Jenkins and Katie Greener.

The four teachers in that school were Miss Hokem, Miss Bangs, Mrs. Cronise and Mr. Troup. At first there was a disposition to treat these four Negro girls in an inferior manner. But through it all they studied earnestly, were up in their classes, and this, together with their good deportment, won respect, if not love, from their teachers.

Katie was never so busy with her lessons that she did not take the time now and then to write a piece of poetry upon whatever subject was uppermost in her mind. One day upon the grounds, she and one of the White girls got into a dispute over a lesson in botany, and it ended by the White girl calling the Negro girl a liar. This so incensed our heroine that upon the impulse of the moment, she struck, with the back of her hand, the other girl in the mouth, saying at the time that perhaps she could teach her a lesson in manners if not in botany. The girl called over to the boys' playground for her brother, who hastily came to his sister's rescue, and upon hearing what had happened, he called Katie an abusive name; at the same time he stooped and picked up a handful of gravel and threw it in the Colored girl's face. The moment he did this he seemed to repent of his rash act, and offered to apologize. The apology, however, was not accepted, for our heroine's feelings had been deeply wounded, and when school was taken up, instead of looking over the lesson that was to be recited next, our young lady wrote these lines:

“How I long for the little old alley,
Where I used to go to school,
And where every scholar
Was taught the Golden Rule.
The floor was rough and homely;

THE HONEYSUCKLE

The window panes were small;
The building was low and narrow,—
Not room enough for all.
The funny, crooked benches
Looked like they had a pain,
And yet, I have such a longing
For the little old school house again.
I am not much for the mixed schools,
And some way don't feel right,
For when some will treat you decent,
Others ignore you, quite.
And it's sure to be the common ones,—
The dirty, trashy kind,—
That always try to put on airs
And keep you far behind.
As far as the teachers are concerned,
Miss Hokem and Bangs will do,
But Mrs. Cronise—why, she looks at times
Like she could tear you right in two.
Mr. Troup I can't unravel,
The only man in the room;
Sometimes his face is all sunshine,
And then again all gloom.
You must always stand a hundred
If you want respect from him;
Troup despises a dull scholar,
But likes energy and vim.
Although he is peculiar,
His heart I guess is right;
At least he makes no difference
Between the Colored and the White."

How much longer she would have gone on pouring out her grievance in verse we cannot say, for at this juncture the class in arithmetic was called. Katie, belonging to Miss Hokem's division, entered the recitation room, and for the first time had a poor lesson. The compound fractions became mixed in the girl's brain, and she was sent back to study, which thing deeply humiliated her. Mr. Troup, knowing that as a rule the girl had good lessons, wanted to know why she had so utterly failed at the time. He asked her what she had been doing. She truthfully answered, "writing poetry." Some of the scholars snickered, and Mrs. Cronise, always having a desire to show off a scholar to bad advantage, especially the Colored ones, ordered the girl to bring whatever she had been writing during school hours up front, and to read it aloud as a punishment, so she thought. Our authoress, a little shame-faced, though with a determined will, marched up and in a clear voice read the verses. The teachers seemed spell-bound, except Mr. Troup, who with his face partly hidden behind a book, was enjoying it all hugely. The scholars tittered and whispered about the comments made upon the teachers by the writer. But peace was once more restored and the little incident seemed to leave a favorable impression on the teachers and some of the scholars.

Mr. Troup asked the girl to remain after school, and she was expecting to receive a good lecture, but to her surprise and pleasure he did nothing of the kind. He asked her how long she had been writing poetry; who were her parents; took her address, and promised to call upon her parents. He would at different times seek out this girl and talk to her upon what was so dear to her heart, the meter and measure of poetry. He also presented her with some good books. And so the girl found that under that rough exterior he had

a kind and noble heart, and so she placed him among her many friends. Upon leaving school a year later, he was very loth to have her go.

A short while afterward the mother died, and the father, with the girls, Edith, Katie and Frances (Bell having died about a year before this time), moved to Elmore, Ohio. Our heroine, not liking this little village, went as companion to an invalid lady to Richmond, Indiana, where she met and, after a short courtship, married Mr. Albert Speed. After spending two years in Chicago and Bloomington, Ill., they, with their little son, Claud, came to Toledo, the father and sisters having already moved back home. The father died a year after the authoress' return home, and was laid in their family lot in Forest cemetery, beside the dear mother and sisters.

Our Authoress then got it into her head to write a song, and wrote a ballad entitled "I Didn't Know." The words being set to music by Mrs. Nellie B. Ransome, a popular music writer, the song was published by the Hayes Music and Publishing Company, then located on Cherry street. Mrs. Speed gave an entertainment in Warren A. M. E. Church, at which the new song was introduced by Mrs. G. U. Highwarden accompanied by Mrs. Ransome. The house was packed, as all naturally desired to hear a song composed by one of their own townswomen. For all that it be said "Rome has no honor in its own country," this proved to be an exception to the rule, for the Speed-Ransome song found ready purchasers.

After the expiration of a year Mrs. Speed wrote another beautiful ballad entitled "Somehow," and somehow she thinks this song her best effort. This song was introduced. This song was also sung at another big entertainment given by Edward T. Harris, who received encore after encore.

by Mrs. Speed, this time by Toledo's "Nightingale," Mrs. Laura Jones Watson. She was obliged to respond to several encores

"Only You and I," a duet written by the authoress, was sung with great success by Mr. Charles Tracy and Mrs. Annie B. Taylor, between the acts of a drama also written by the authoress, entitled "The Bunch of Rosebuds." Other dramas written by the authoress are "Honor Before Wealth," Albert King taking the leading part and Pearl LeVan as the star actress; "Trifling with Hearts, or A Lesson to Lady Adelaide," another beautiful playlet, with Miss Adelaide Ashby taking the leading part. "The Bogus Nobleman" was the title of Mrs. Speed's last drama. It was repeated by request, Mr. A. M. Clemens, our popular mail carrier, playing the part of the nobleman, who succeeded in winning the love of the leading lady, Mrs. Clara Jones.

Why our authoress never fails to be successful in producing her plays is because, first, she is careful in her selection of the cast of characters, and the next most important step, the proper training and rehearsing of the work.

The authoress has several new songs she hopes soon to have set to music, and like the honeysuckle that her book is named after, may she continue to climb. In a second edition **that Mrs. Speed** hopes soon to give to the public, combined with those poems she has already written, will be a number of dialect poems, written by request; also some short stories.

Long live our authoress and poetess; a woman of our race, a woman of our town.

WM. E. CLEMENS.

THE HONEYSUCKLE

BRIGHT AS THE STARS.

Contributed by Mrs. Mayme Wright Randall,
Graduate of the Toledo Conservatory of Music, Present
Instructor of the Girls' Industrial Training School.

Bright as the Stars that shine in the Heavens;
Pure as the Angels that dwell in the skies.
So may your life be brighter and brighter;
With glad hearts we watch your continuous rise.

How oft have we listened with pleasure and gladness
Inspired by your poetry and cheered by your songs.
So these simple lines I send as a greeting;
Accept praise and honor, to you it belongs.

THE HONEYSUCKLE

Lines written by the author after making up her mind to have a Book of Her Poems published. Thursday, March 26, 1914.

I've searched from attic to cellar,
Looked in the leaves of old books,
Opened bundles in crevice and corner
In every conceivable nook.
Looking—yes, looking for poems,
Written from time to time,
When seized with an inspiration,
Then would often destroy the rhyme.

And, reader, I'll confide in you;
Since I've made up my mind to give you my poems,
I can find such a pitiful few.

Oh! what fun it would be in the days gone by,
I would sometimes write several a day.
Whatever the thought was that came in the mind,
I would write—read—and then throw them away.

"DE WATER "MILLION" AND DE CHICKEN."

Boy,—what for you steal dat million?
Don't start to stutter,—you dar to lie.
I guess you thought I was a sleepin',
On yo I'se allers got my eye.
I saw you go in Rosco's garden,
I saw you when you raised de latch,
And says I to myself "Dat nigga's
Makin' for Rosco's million patch."

Says I, "I'll wait" and sho be certain.
I held my bref in dread alarm,
And purty soon you came a sneakin'
Wid dat great big million neaf yo arm.
Oh me! what have I done to cause dis,
De Lawd knows you—my heart will break.
Me—yo spected honered mother;
Lay down dat million, for heaven's sake.
What's I gwine to do I wonder?
What dat you say? You'll take it back crazy,
idiotic nigga
Dat just shows what brains yo lack.

Go call Hiram in to dinner
And both yo wash you hands and face,
You oughten have a bite o' dinner
Trying yo Family to disgrace.
Put dat hoe cake down yo rascal
And wait until de blessin's said,
Ain't got a bit o' git up bout yo
Never will have till yo' dead.

Look dar? Dar's one of Rosco's chickens
Scratchin' up my yard agin;
I don't keep fouls to bother neighbors
And just thin it's a shame and sin to let
Hiram go and catch dat chicken,
Ring its head off good and strong,
For de way its done my garden
I don't think I'll be doing wrong to—

Whe-e-e-e—Hold it up a minute!
Now ain't that a beautiful big fat hen?
Don't let de blood spill on de carpet
Take it to de shed, and den — — — —
Oh, pshaw—what makes me feel so shakey?
De chicken's dead—dead as a beat,
'Twould be a sin now dat his head's off
Not to fix him up to eat.
Chicken-stew and plenty gravy,
Dumplings we'll put in a few.
Let me see—Tomorrow's Sunday,
And the minister's coming to dinner too.

To think of old Sam Rosco's chickens
Scratchin' up my lawn so green.
Were I to keep dat water million
It wouldn't be so very mean.
I wonder if it's ripe? I'll plug it.
Yes ripe—and sweet as sugar, too.
Now won't dat preacher smack his jiblets?
Water million and chicken stew.

Written by the Author during the campaign when Roosevelt was running for President.

Yes, the time is fast approaching,
The election's near at hand.
Think well, ere you vote, dear brother,
For the good of our dear land.
Help elect the man that's worthy,
Regardless be he friend or foe,
The man of principle you're after,
Success will then be ours you know.
Our country needs a man of firmness,
One that's good and brave and true.
Help elect him, do not falter,
You'll regret it if you do.

On the 8th of this November
When you march erect and grand,
With the name of Teddy Roosevelt
Firmly clasped into your hand.
So now I am in a dilemma,—
When you walk up to the polls,
Thinking of this Honored Statesman,
With what pride you'll cast your ticket
Clean of heart and pure of soul.
Should one be in doubt and ask you
Who's the best man to put there?
Tell them quickly, vote for Roosevelt
For the Presidential chair.

IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF MRS. MAE FIELDS,
Who Departed This Life May 25th, 1913.

Fading away like the stars of the morning,
Losing their light in the glorious sun,
So we will steal away, gently and lovingly,
And remember our sister for what she has done.

Her name and her place will ne'er be forgotten,
Also, her life race is patiently run;
We resign her to Thee, Lord, gently and lovingly,
But will ever remember her for what she has done.

So, in the harvest, if others may gather
Sheaves from the fields that in Spring she has sown,
Who plowed; or who sowed; matters not to the reaper—
We'll remember our sister for what she has done.

She'll fade away, like the stars in the morning;
So let her name be honored, be known
Here, or up yonder; she must be remembered,
Loved and remembered for what she has done.

Members of Ruth Court, your sister has left you;
Members of Jewel Chapter, your co-worker is gone.
Ah! how we loved her! So patient,—so gentle;
We'll reverence her memory for what she has done.

We know and we feel that her spirit's up yonder,
For her life and her walks did so plainly say
She was a Christian,—a follower of Jesus;
She lived it, she walked it, she proved it each day.

Sometimes a deep sorrow, or something that's happened
Will make the heart heavy, and burden the mind
To such an extent that the brain will grow dizzy,
A rash act be committed. This often you find.

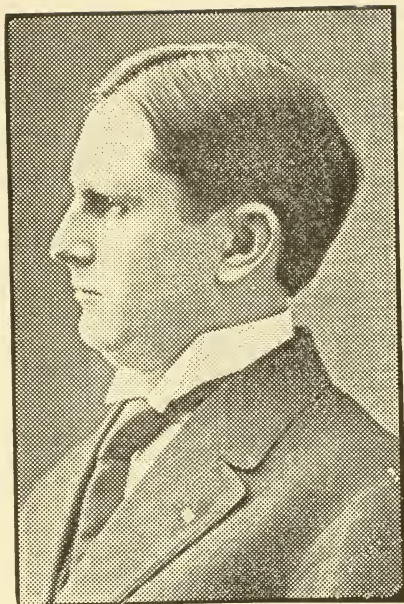
But our God is a just one, and measures our mercy
And pardon so freely. His love is divine.
Then how can we doubt that He'll not extend mercy
To one who has ever been thoughtful and kind.

So pastor and friends of this church, be encouraged;
Bereaved husband and mother and sisters, you'll find
God will show mercy (Ah, how can we doubt it)
To one who has ever been thoughtful and kind.

**"IT'S NEVER SO BAD BUT WHAT COULD BE
WORSE."**

Don't worry and fret and get in a rage
At the least little thing that goes wrong
But smooth the furrows from out of your brow
And say—oh! I'll manage it some way, somehow.
And always remember this last line in the verse
It's never so bad but what could be worse.

Suppose you'r not able to buy a spring suit
And you're hat is not just in the style,



HON. CARL H. KELLAR

Remember it does not help matters a bit
To worry and fret all the while.
Why, take up the old hat and alter the shape
To the way they are wearing them now.
Cure up the feathers, clean the ribbons a bit
The flowers will answer I vow.
And always remember this last line in the verse
It's never so bad but what could be worse.

Suppose you're not handsome like Kitty or May
And don't take well at party or ball.
Remember that beauty is only skin deep,
And pride must one day take its fall.
Be graceful and modest, honest and true,
Be loving, gentle and kind,
Win the man that possesses a good noble heart
Happiness there you will find.
And always remember the last line in the verse
It's never so bad but what could be worse.

Suppose Woodrow Wilson does sit in the chair
And demand an enormous pay.
Just think if you will the numbers of years
Republicans held sway.
Make the very best of what must be
And always bear in mind
If you can not yourself mount the ladder of fame
Help the other fellow to climb.
Remember the bitter comes with the sweet,
But look on the bright side and say:
Tomorrow the sun may be shining
Although it is cloudy today.

THE HONEYSUCKLE

"MATILDA BLY."

I've dropped in for a minute, Jane,
I've the greatest news to tell.
No, no, you needn't get a chair,
I can stand up very well.
I haven't very long to stay
But as I was passing by
I stopped to ask you have you heard
About Matilda Bly?

You've not? Well, it's a wonder,
The news do fly so fast.
Well! the long and short is
That that gal is in our choir at last.
You know, Jane, I don't gossip
And what I tell you see
Must be in strictest confidence
Betwixt just you and me.

It's that hypocrite, Jim Logan:
You know he's head trustee
And whatever Logan says you know
The others must agree.
I've been hearin' and a hearin'—
Folks will gossip—I can't see why,
And they say that Logan's awful sweet
On this Matilda Bly.

Our village choir's alwaye borne
A good and honest name
And it sure would be a pity

And it sure would be a shame
To let one woman bust it up,
That's what it's sure to bring.
For everyone in Huntsville knows
Matilda Bly can't sing.

Last Sunday night the choir sang
"A Charge to Keep" you know,
And Til she squeaked above her voice
First too high; then too low.
That gal can no more carry a tune,
No need for her to try,
For she made a complete failure on
"A God to Glorify."

She thinks too much about fine clothes,
Too worldly and too vain.
Our village choir needs the girl
That's sensible and plain.
I don't think Til knows enough
To mix a batch of bread,
Going through life all dressed up fine
With nothing in her head.

You know I never gossip, Jane,
But it fills my soul with fear,
For I love our church and choir
And it's caused me many a tear,
For I am the oldest member
And I hold our choir so high
It hurts my feelings awful bad
To see Matilda Bly—

Perched up there in our choir
And discord it sure will bring
To have our choir bothered
With one who can not sing.

If she'd be a little modest
And not sing so ali fired ioud
And quit flirting with Jim Logan
And stop being so vain and proud
We might tolerate her being there
But she wants so to be heard
That she drowns the rest of the choir
You can scarcely hear a word.

But Jane I must be going,
Don't repeat please what I said
For you know how I hate gossip
And surely have a dread
Of having things repeated
For they're never said the same;
And to be called a Gossip
Gives a person a bad name.

'Cause by now it's known all over,
Village news you know do fly,
Matters not how very careful
Matters not how hard you try
It will git out—and every person
Who tells it adds a little on
And the story keeps a growing
Till it could reach a whole mile long.

But the easiest way is the best way
And since the gal's there
Let's take the poor vain critter
To the Lord in prayer.
For He works many changes
If we ask He will draw nigh
So we'll ask a special blessing
On Miss Matilda Bly.

THE TANGO CRAZE.

Honey, I'se done gone crazy, I can hardly work at all
Since tendin' dat delicious Tango Ball.
My heart's still palpitatin' from de joyment dat I had;
Why I tangoed till I fell again' de wall.
You can talk about yo dances, and I 'spects I'se danced a few,
But I never seed a dance like this afo.
Why I could tango in de mornin', in de noon day and at night
For I tells yo dat dis dance I do adore.

De whole ting am so charmin' and yo clothes sho off so well
As yo caper round de ball room on de arms of some big swell.
Wid de tips of just two fingers you hold yo dress a bit
To sho off to advantage in de dress de gorgeous slit.

De dance am so exciting, no time to love or spoon,
For I tells you every minute you is caperin' round de room.
Fus to de lef you's goin, an den back to de right;
Your body swaying back and forth—Oh! it's such a purty
sight—

When you knows just how to dance it for you sho must keep
de time

And give yo'self some action as yo'll swing in down de line.
Sadie Bland thought she cut a figure Leanin' on Jim Mooney's
arm,

He lookin' green as any pumpkin just right off his father's
farm.

Sade, she thought she looked so stunnin' wid high heeled slip-
pers on her feet,

I let on I didn't see her, as we all marched out to eat.

My beau lays all over Mooney, got some style and git up, too.
Den he sho do dance dat tango, I tell you dar am very few
Can dance like Zeke, when he's a mind to; Ezekiel, that's my
fellow's name,

Awful proud,—and feared o' nothin', course he often bears de
name

Of being an enormous fighter; Zeke's all right—if let alone.
Jump on him first and try to do him, he'll try to carve yo to
de bone.

Ah! I'se so glad de supper's over and we is once mo in de hall
And I can once mo do dat tango fo dis am sho de grandest
ball

I ever in my life attended, and when I die, Oh! what a
charm

To tango right straight into heaven leaning on Ezekiel's arm.

"MY HEART AND I."

We wandered far away, my heart and I,
Tossed on the billows of life's rugged way,
Making for some harbor where no tears or sighs will reach us.
Then we'll lay our burden down
And peace and joy be ours,
A new life then we'll try
My heart and I.

But can we find such peace—
A perfect peace?
For out of sheer despair
My soul doth cry,
For rest, sweet rest, this is the boon we crave.
Then Lord please hear our prayer
For just such peace we cry,
My heart and I.

A whispering voice we hear,
My heart and I.

A hand also we see, that beckons us.
The voice it whispers gently: "Have no fear,
But ask and pray for perfect faith and trust
Then gloom and doubt will disappear."

We awaken with a start
My heart and I.

The dream so real filled our soul with fear,
I cried aloud: "I thank thee for this hour, Lord"
And oh! to know thou lovest me and thou art near,
Yes, thou art near to me
My heart and I.

BISHOP ARNETT.

Lines dedicated to the late Bishop B. W. Arnett and recited by the author, Mrs. Kate Maud Speed, at the memorial services held at Warren A. M. E. Church, Sunday afternoon, Nov. 11, 1906.

Looking into the records of ages past, we discover many events too important ever to be forgotten.

The life, the works, the deeds of this one of the greatest men of our race will never be forgotten, he will ever live in our memory, and in the memory of our children, our grand children, our great grand children and even down from generation to generation.

Bishop Arnett's work is finished here upon earth and he has gone to reap his reward.

Gone to that Celestial City—a house not made with hands. eternally in the Heavens.

"ETERNALLY IN THE HEAVENS."**"His Work is Finished."**

His work is finished here ;

The Master has called him home.

He's done with sorrow and care,

The Savior claims him for his own.

These walls are draped in sombre hue

Of him we knew and loved so well.

We'll never hear his voice again,

He's gone with God to dwell.

His work is finished,

His race is run.

Life's battle is fought,

The victory won.



SIR J. H. BOWLES
COLUMBUS, OHIO

We've eulogized the life and death
Of many a brave and noble man;
Heros loyal and true,—but yet—
There is none just like our own Arnett.
Douglas, Langston, Bruce and Payne
And many others we could name.
Honored statesmen, departed, and yet
There's none just like our own Arnett.

Arnett was born to rule and reign,
Quick intellect and clear, cool brain;
Witty, aye! even humorous at times, for he was wont
to say
There's time for work and time for play.

He loved obedience; was firm and kind;
Expressed noble thoughts; had a noble mind.
He won respect from black and white
Because he walked straight and upright.

His work is finished.
He has gone home to rest
In that beautiful mansion
Where all saints are blessed.
Methinks I can now see
The gates open wide
And the Master says "Enter
And sit down by my side."
A spotless white robe
And a bright, starry crown.
Now he sings the glad song
Perfect peace I have found.

Now may we live better
And strive day by day
To do more for the Master
And walk in His way.
Then when the Lord calls,
Like Arnett we can sing
I have finished my work,
I'm a child of the king.

TO LITTLE MILDRED JOHNSON,

A five-year-old miss, who was stopping with her parents at the home of the author at the time this poem was written—
March 26, 1914.

Little dimpled darling, running through the house,
In every kind of mischief, dressed in a little blouse;
Asks a million questions, then answers them herself;
Sometimes she sets you crazy, the little wilful elf.

You must thread her needle; she's going to sit and sew,
And be the very bestest girl that ever you did know.
She sews perhaps a minute, then the sewing's on the floor
As she glances out the window, then makes straight for
the door.

She's back within a minute, and wants to help me write;
I had an inspiration, but the thought has left me quite.
My pencil and my tablet are thrown on the floor—pat,
As the little miss commences to climb up in my lap.
I pet her and caress her, the bewitching little elf.
What cares she for the poems? She's a poem in herself.

OUR BEAUTIFUL EASTERN STAR.

Now what shall I write for the Eastern Star?

Since a poem is requested of me, what can I tell of interest, and what shall my subject be?

Each month I read your paper,
Such a newsy little sheet,
I can hardly wait for the time to come
To receive it, it is such a treat.

I read the names of your officers,
Of your chapter both local and grand.
How much I would love to meet you,
And lend a helping hand.

For I think the work is so beautiful,
And nothing this beauty can mar,
Five ladies sitting gracefully,
Each one on the point of the star.

I love to think of those women
In the Holy Book Divine,
That our noble order is based on
Worthy deeds and truths sublime.

Adah, Ruth, and sweet Queen Esther,
And Martha the sister of Lazarus are
Together with Sweet Electa,
Make up the points of our Eastern Star.

Fairest amongst thousands were these five women;
They let their lights shine near and afar.

THE HONEYSUCKLE

Let us strive to emulate them,
Sisters of the Eastern Star.

Blue symbolizing fidelity,
Yellow's the golden grain,
White is spotless purity;
Ah! read it again and again.

The evergreen for Martha,
Who knelt and wept and died;
Saying, "Lord, if thou hadst been here,
My brother needst not have died."

Electa, so pure and noble,
Who was put to a cruel death;
She would not deny her religion,
And prayed with her dying breath.

"Father, dear,—forgive them,"
The sweet voice feebly said;
Then whispered: "Love one another,"
And patient Electa was dead.

Ah! No- Not dead, but living—
Triumphant up above—
Holding their sessions in Heaven,
Where there is joy, and peace, and love.

Now Sisters, dear, of Texas—
And the Royal Brothers, too,
I do not feel in the least
As though I'm a stranger to you.

And may you be successful,
Be it near or be it far,
With this, your little paper
Known as the Eastern Star.

Fraternally yours,

KATIE MAUDE SPEED,

P. G. Cond. and Rep. of Texas, Toledo, Ohio.

This poem was written by the authoress and contributed to a Colored Texas paper, called "The Eastern Star." Mrs. E. E. Burnett, the efficient editress of Cleburne, Texas, is also the Grand Secretary of the Grand Chapter of the State of Texas, and has filled that responsible office for a number of years.

"MOTHER."

This little rhyme on the author's mother was written by her when a child between seven and eight years old.

No, there is no friend like her,

No, not another.

No, there is no friend so Dear

As Dearest, dearest Mother.

She is all the world to me.

Oh! how I love her

Because she is my dearest friend,

My own, my darling Mother.

Father and sisters are very kind,

I never had a brother,

But who I love, and love the most

Is my own Dear sweet Mother.

FREDRICK DOUGLASS.

June 26, 1914.

Ah! Douglass, what can we say more of thee than has been said.

Thy name in highest praise is sung; all o'er the land; all o'er the sea; yet we must mention thee.

'Een tho thou hast passed beyond the Shore,
Yet in our memories, thou wilt live for ever more.

This little book it would not be complete without a word of thee of whom we knew and loved so well;

And when you left us, e'en though it was the will of God, the Gloom it fell.

For aye—it matter not what time or place,
You always stood ready to defend the Race.

Broad mind—Pure Soul—Courageous and Strong;

A Hero—Lover of the right—despised the wrong.

Sleep on we'll not disturb thy rest;

Sleep on thou art numbered with the blest,

In that Celestial City fair and bright

Wherein you dwelt there is no night,

But one Eternal Day.

I wonder do you see and know

Of us poor mortals here below.

Some times we feel so tired and wish our journey at an end

And then we ask for strength to take up the burden of life again.

Some day for all Life will be o'er,

Then Peace and Joy and Rest we'll find.

For God has promised perfect peace and rest to all mankind

So watch and wait, dear friend to bid us welcome as we
come
For we are surely going one by one.

TO LADY MARCH, THE INTRUDER.

One never knows just how to take you
Old treacherous Bunch of deceit.
One day all Blow and Bluster,
Another day, mild and sweet.
Your disposition is trying,
Everyone I am sure thinks the same.
You've behaved in this very same manner
Since the day you have first borne your name.

In the morning, the sun's shining brightly
And the atmosphere's hazy and warm,
If you choose to feel mean and contrary
Before evening there'll sure be a storm.
Once a year you put in your appearance
And your limit is thirty-one days.
You visit around without being asked
And are shunned on account of your ways.

So as you're about to leave us
This much is true I know
We're always sorry to see you come
And glad to see you go.

DEDICATED TO PRINCE YUCU-MOHAMMED

By Mrs. K. M. Speed, Toledo, O.

Leaving his country a few years ago,
Half heathen, half civilized,
A youth with a thirst for knowledge and fame
Determined to win for himself a name.

His grandfather, one of Africa's kings,
As far as the coast, this little boy brings,
Then saying "Good-Bye," he returns to his home,
Leaving his grandchild quite alone.

This wonderful boy, full of hope, goes his way,
Traveling by night, traveling by day;
His busy young mind was all in a whirl,
So anxious was he to get out in the world.

Quick to learn was this active young brain,
For this African boy has but one aim.
Knowledge, Ah! knowledge is the thirst of his soul,
A name and knowledge and "I've reached my Goal."

He traveled through Germany, France and Spain,
Studying hard, this knowledge to gain.
So rapid he learned till finally he
Declares he now must America see.

So an African Prince, after years of great toil,
Steps his feet upon American soil.
Yucu-Mohammed, proud, noble and grand,
Has won a name throughout the land.



MRS. ADA STEWART

He'll return soon to Africa, to his own native land,
This noble young prince, with a helping hand
And a heart full of love,
Will teach them of nobler things above.
In England, America, France and Spain,
Prince Yucu-Mohammed has won a name,
And Afric's sons one day will sing
"Yucu-Mohammed is King, is King."

"WITHOUT A WOMAN IN IT."

You can't succeed so well in life,
There's no need to begin it,
'Twill be a failure every time
Without a woman in it.

In every little walk in life
You will notice in a minute
Things won't prosper very long
Without a woman in it.

At your Stags one is sure to stay,
I'll wager and know I'll win it,
That the hours would pass more pleasantly
Were there only a woman in it.

As the worl goes on you'll hear men say
"That- for women"—but they don't mean it.
For they know that life would be a blank
Without a woman in it.

THE HONEYSUCKLE
FROM TWELVE TO HALF PAST THREE.

We met most accidental,
The bells were ringing noon,
And the time we spent together,
We'll not forget it soon.

The feeling seemed so mutual,
And we both had to agree
That the time was spent so pleasantly
From twelve to half past three.

There was a kindred spirit,
And I'm sure you knew quite well
That I was under your contral
As tho' bound by a spell.

We talked and chatted gaily,
Your influence more I felt;
When I met your glance my heart beat fast,
As we went around the belt.

We talked of little nothings,
Our hearts so light and free;
We were, oh! so happy together
From twelve till half past three.

Of course we dined together,
And if you only knew
The pleasure in eating a dinner
At a table set only for two.

And then came the time for parting,
And your glance said quite plainly to me
That you enjoyed the hours spent
From twelve till half past three.

ANSWER TO S. B. SAUNDER'S POEM

The Grand Patron of O. E. S.,
Entitled "Shine Just Where You Are."

I read your lines of poetry,
Yes, read them o'er and o'er,
And each time had a longing,
Yes—a longing to read them more.
How beautifully you pictured
The shining of the star,
And, ah! the noblest and best,
To shine just where you are.

How we could soften a burden
And drive away sorrow and care,
Make life worth the living
And trouble more easy to bear;
And even tho' it be a candle,
'Twill appear as bright as a star,
And your life will be bright and happy
If you shine just where you are.

"ON THE GREAT POET AND AUTHOR, DUNBAR."

Often we rave our learned professors,
Bow down to an empress or queen,
Look up to the man, who has power and riches
Beauty's also a rare boon I we'en.
But there's one in my mind, who I think was far greater
Than all these together you bring,
It was Dunbar, the Poet, and every one knows it
For he's the poetical king.

I read his poems over, again and again
And each time a new inspiration will bring
So humorous and witty, in his dialect verse
Which I often ponder over trying hard to rehearse.

I'm so proud to have known this great man of our race.
It was so nice to meet him and talk face to face.
A feeling so mutual and the reason said he
Was that kindred spirit between poets you see.

He encouraged my efforts, this broad-minded man,
And ever was ready—to lay out some plan.
He would have me recite, but I always felt small
While comparing my lines with the great Poet Paul.

Ah! could you but lived Paul, but the Master knew best
When he took you home where you now are at rest.
But your works will live always and the whole world can
sing
Of Paul Lawrence Dunbar the Poet and King.

"OUR GIRLS."

Why should we not be happy?

Why should we not be proud?

When we hear the news a-flying every day that the towns
throughout Ohio

None they say can be compared with Toledo, where the girls
are all o. k.

It is such a downright pleasure to see these blessed girls
That have grown right up here underneath your eye from a
baby in the cradle

Till they've reached the sweet sixteen
Not to give you either worry or a sigh
From this bunch of pretty damsels.

Of course, we can't name all,
But will, with your permission, name a few.
For this town is full of Rosebuds,
Dearest girls you ever saw,
From the age of sweet sixteen to twenty-two.

Let me see, there's Marguerite Jackson;
Marguerite, you all know well;
A graduate in music as you know
She can touch the ivories proper,
The truth can't be denied,
She can transpose as you like it, high or low.

Myrtle Darby, our musical genius,
Proud and graceful as a queen,
A trifle haughty, even some might say
A crown and throne is all she needs -

To rule and reign supreme
And a sceptre—then our queen can have full sway.

Irine Ambers, sweet and modest,
Teaches in the public school.
Has won respect from all who know her
Keep boys in mind the golden rule.

The Castle girls are winsome namely,—Helen, Bess and Ruth.
These sisters to their parents are a gem.
Of course Ruth, being the youngest, is the darling of the
house;
Ruth's a tease, and to her pranks their are no end.

The stately Julia Cannon and our singer, Beulah McDowell,
Are a fine example and the girls all say
For modesty and pride it can not be denied
That Miss Julia and Miss Beulah win the day.

And gentle Essie Brown, it's a pleasure her to know,
For Essie's always amiable and kind
And any proposition the girls do make or plan
You can always call on Essie every time.

Viola—Toledo's night-in-gale, and her sister, Hazel, too,
An addition to best society.
Viola takes your heart by storm and little Hazel says
Her heart is ever happy, light and gay.

There's the Ford girls, sure you know them, popular and ad-
mired,
And little Maud with intellect so keen.

The girls can't do without her, this little maid of ours
Who has scarcely passed the age of sweet sixteen.

Esther Shoecraft is a damsel one is always pleased to meet;
When once you've met her you will not soon forget
For there's that about the girlie that's refreshing and you'll
say
You're downright glad that you and Esther met.

Martha Huguely is a mischief, a great lover of fun.
You can't get lonesome when you're with this miss.
She always wards off sadness and looks for naught but glad-
ness,
We pray for her a life of joy and bliss.

Playing in the orchestra the Tandy sisters can be seen.
Edna plays piano and Drusilla the violin.
Oh! such perfect harmony, these girls are simply grand,
And any one who hears them know, they're taught by a
master hand.

Ethel Walker, you must know her,
The greatest alto singer in town.
Don't have to take a back seat nowhere,
She holds the entire choir down.

We must not forget the newlyweds, they still are in the ring.
Kit Randall, on her still we have claim.
And the roguish Esther Cannon though she's barely reached
sixteen,
Tho the little lady's married just the same.
The sedate Leonie Warner and Ina Clemons, too.

Made up their minds to join the newlyweds,
They're thrifty and industrious and not afraid to work
And an excellent hand on making home-made bread.

We must mention Hazel Rogers, even tho she has left the
town.

Hazel with her charming little ways
Ever full of fun; loved by everyone,
Is sure bewitching when she sings and plays.

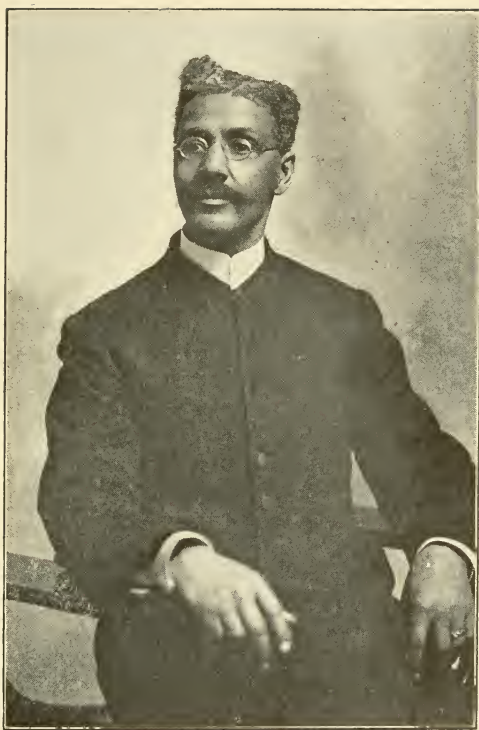
Edith Howard and Edith Hightower have joined the bene-
dicts,

For a while the lassies had the marrying craze.
Girls, since you've taken the step, we hope you'll never regret
For it's Toledo that the girls deserve the praise.

"OLD FATHER TIME."

Yes—steadily going—moving along,
And every last one of us moves with the throng;
Some end their journey in less than a day,
Others journey, journey, journey and aye!
Wealth, influence and power combined,
Yet all must bow down to "Old Father Time."

No need to say "Backward, turn back in your flight,"



REV. J. C. TAYLOR

For he's on the move, ever by day and by night;
He don't stop to take rest, he don't stop to think,
He won't take a nap, no, not even a wink;
Never fails in his work, he would think it a crime;
He's on his job proper, is "Old Father Time."

Once a woman most beautiful, haughty and vain,
(Her beauty, I ween, over balanced her brain)
Was in such constant dread, as the years glided by,
Of losing her beauty, she prayed she might die.
"How could I tolerate and endure the pain,
Me the beautiful queen with the power to reign?
Stay your hand, old grim cheater and give me some sign;
Take the years back again, 'Old Father Time.'
Let time stand still just a few years, do please—
I have diamonds and riches, and will give you all these;
And other fair women, we'll all take a stand
To shower you with wealth if you just stay your hand."

"The years must roll on,"
Rang out the chime;
"Can't stop them a minute,"
Said "Old Father Time."

And as you are going through life do not try
To ever be thinking of the years that's gone by.
Make well of the years that God gives you and say—
I always will think and plan for today.
Be useful and active and also wide awake;
If you lack will and energy you make a mistake.
If you do this you'll not even ask for a sign
From the great old Methusaleh, "Old Father Time."

RECITED BY THE AUTHOR AT THE W. M. M. S.
HELD IN TOLEDO, JULY 12, 13, 14, 1911.

I want to tell you a story,
And every word of it's true.
This story always interests me,
And I'm sure it will interest you.

Perhaps some of you present
This beautiful story know.
It dates back, if I remember,
Some sixteen years ago,
When a band of noble women
Who wished to do work in His name,
Was started out on their mission
By the departed Bishop Payne.

As the years went by they grew stronger,
And were frequently heard to say:
"If we strive we will be successful,
For where there's a will—there's a way."
The work grew wider and wider,
And these women so noble and grand,
Throughout the State of Ohio
Have formed many a Missionary Band.

The sixteen years they've been working
Have not been all up hill,
But they take the bitter with the sweet
And proceed to do His will.
But the prettiest part of this story
Is of a woman worthy and kind.

Search if you will the world over—
None like her you'll ever find.

Of course there is sure to be someone
To complain and kick at the flaws;
But our heroine smiles and continues to work
In this grand and glorious cause.

She tells of our dear, loving Savior,
And how He was crucified,
And of so many good Christian pilgrims
Their privilege and rights denied.

She tells of the daughter of Jephtha,
Who gave up her dear young life
To save her father's honor
From danger, toil and strife.
So our cross we must bear most bravely.
Then list to the whispering sound,
As it tells you the harder the cross
The brighter will be the crown.

Now I'm sure you are all most anxious
To know who this woman may be
Who bears all these crosses so bravely,
Saying: "I'll go where He leadeth me."
But why should you wonder a minute,
When the very wind, as it blows,
Whispers the name so softly,
Our own dearest president, "Rose."

For sixteen years she has lead us

THE HONEYSUCKLE

In this grand missionary work,
As our own dear, faithful leader,
Never known to falter or shirk.
Wherever Rose is needed—
It matters not where it may be—
She is ever ready to answer:
“Here am I; send me, send me.”
She’s a good, clean Christian woman,
Inspired by the One above
To preach the blessed gospel,
Telling of Jesus and His love.

We see familiar faces
Whom we meet year after year,
Still at their post of duty,
Working for the cause so dear.
Sister Fanny Coleman
Is here with the same sweet smile,
Giving words of encouragement,
Doing work for the Master the while.
Rosa Smith and Ida Ransome,
Dear to each and every heart,
Still holding their office with honor,
Each willing to do her part.

The First Vice, Emma Williams,
On the right of the President sit,
And we note the little lady
Still retains that natural wit.

Our missionary women
Mean to keep up with the times;

But you'll understand it better
If you talk with Mrs. Grimes.

There's our President—Mrs Singleton—
Also Ella White,
Are here with faces beaming,
And oh! what a pretty sight

To look at—and know of our women,
And we can proudly say
Our missionary women
Are the women of the day.

The superintendent of the Juvenile branch,
Mrs. A. B. Young, we find
Has in her charge the children,
Keeping them well in line.

Then there's Mrs. Cora Adams,
Place her where you will,
With honor, grace and dignity,
That place she's sure to fill.

Savannah Allen's grand respond,
Made last Wednesday night,
Will tell you better than I can—
She's one of our brightest lights.

Miss Bird and Miss Bell, our soloists,
Gave joy too great to tell.
I am sure we can not very easily forget
The songs from the Bird and the Bell.

Our own little Estella Gainer,
On whom we have a claim,

Fresh from Wilberforce College—
Advancement's her highest aim.
And you who are lovers of music,
Whether you be female or male,
Let me point out to you Miss Cora Brock,
As Cleveland's nightingale.

And now, dear missionary workers,
And local workers, too,
The success of your societies
Lies chiefly with you.
Be loving and kind to each other,
Using each and all in a way
They will love you and respect you,
And then you will prosper each day.

Our President, Drusilla Clemons,
Deserves credit for her work this year;
She's been most faithful to her post,
And whether afar or near,
Her work and talk was mission.
So let's go to work with a will,
And try hard by another year
To be more successful still.

So now, dear friends, in conclusion—
The time has come to part—
We can only say "God bless you,"
From the very depth of our hearts.
I, too, will ask God's blessing,
Through sunshine and through rain,
Keep our souls pure and spotless
Until we meet again.

I'LL BET ON THE ONE THAT WINS."

A song—the words written by the author just before the Jeffries-Johnson fight.

It's been discussed quite thoroughly,

Discussed both pro and con,

About the coming fight of next July.

Jack Johnson now the champion,

And the undefeated king

Will taste each other's knuckles by and by.

But ah! the thing that puzzles me

About these heavyweights,

And I know, too, what I am talking about;

They both have knuckles made of steel,

And nerve that's made of iron,

And I don't know which will knock the other out.

If Jeffries whips Jack Johnson,

Why, all so well and good;

I'm sure I'll neither holler nor complain;

And if Jack Johnson wins the fight,

Let it be understood,

I am happy if I'm connected in the same.

But what's a fellow now to do

With such a risky thing?

But still I'm going to bet to loose or win;

But I hope to be successful,

And the man I'm betting on

I trust will be the champion of the ring.

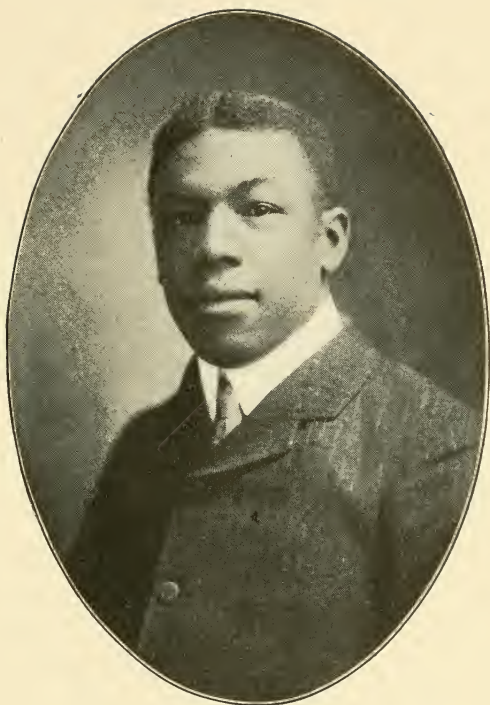
"OUR WOMEN."

Composed and recited at Findlay, O. Written during sessions of the Missionary Convention.

While looking over the women
Of our missionaries today
The thought did quickly fill my mind
To have something to say.
And so I attend the sessions
And listen from time to time,
I've been waiting on our women,
Yes, writing it in rhyme.

We first will ask God's blessing
Upon this glorious work
And these missionary women
Who never shrink or shirk.
These missionaries are not afraid to do
And among the earnest workers
Suppose we name a few.

First, our faithful President Rosa
Always at her post is found;
Could you find one quite so faithful
If you'd search the world around?
Thirteen years she's worked, she's labored,
Takes the bitter with the sweet,
Matters not the cup how bitter
You always—with a smile she'll greet.
Oh, for more such Christian women
That can always stand the test;
This our leader's known and honored



ALBERT A. PAYNE

From north to south from east to west.

The enemy of late's been busy
Trying our women to divide.
Let's say, "Get behind me, Satan"
And stand the longer side by side.
We look at these familiar faces
That we meet from year to year.
May every year our faith grow stronger
In our Lord, our Master dear.

We note with joy Mrs. Fanny Coleman,
Seated in her accustomed place.
It lends a pleasant inspiration
Just to behold her pleasant face.
The good she does among the children,
The news is scattered far and wide,
Such a worthy Superintendent
Abide with her, Dear Lord abide.

Mrs. Woodson hails from Xenia,
The Fraternal delegate.
Spoke to us such words of wisdom
Endowed by the Almighty Great.
Such a power are our women
In this missionary band
Faith and prayer is the one thing needed
And God will lend the helping hand.

Our student, little Estella Gaines
In all her lovely womanhood,
Fresh from college, now looking forward

God grant that she may do much good.
May she enter on her mission
With a strong, determined will;
Offer up yourself, if need be,
The harvest is gathered, now grind the mill.
If in foreign lands you're needed,
Don't make excuse and find a plea;
But raise your head and answer proudly
"Here am I—send me! send me!"

When Miss Ransom reads the minutes
In her clear and silvery tone,
It pleases you to sit and listen,
She has a sweet way—all her own.
So modest and so unassuming,
Yet so active in her work.
So proud are we of our young women
Who from duty never shirk.

What a band of noble workers,
It fills our hearts with joy and pride
To know they are our ideal women
That part you know can't be denied.
What peace we've had throughout our sessions,
Working in pure harmony;
Not a ripple on the water,
Not a storm upon the sea.
But we must soon say farewell, sisters,
The time's at hand when we must part.
But e'er we go a special blessing
Dear Lord we ask with all our hearts.
We pray to keep this band together,

Unite us stronger, blessed Lord.
Give us power over the enemy,
Drive out malice and discord.

And now to the dear friends of Findlay,
Your kind attention we'll not soon forget,
And tho our time has arrived for parting
It's not without a sad regret.
For you have made us feel most welcome
And we'd love to linger still
In this your pretty little city
Sweet memories long our minds will fill.
So now adieu, our year's work is ended.
Our efforts have not been in vain,
And every heart cries out at parting,
"God be with you till we meet again."

"J. N. ROSS."

Composed and recited by the author at an entertainment given at Warren A. M. E. Church for the benefit of Pastor J. N. Ross as he was about to leave for Conference.

While sitting, thinking, good and worthy friend of you to-night,
Some farewell lines on you I thought I'd love to write.
And Oh! if I could while with pencil in hand become inspired
And write such things of you as I desired,
I would tonight sing your praise
In words too eloquent to be remembered many days.

You're going from us and many a heart will yearn—
 And we will pray, hope, and trust for your return;
 But should you not to us return again
 We can but say "We lost a true and faithful friend."

Year after year we've seen our pastors come and go,
 But none we regret to lose like you, I know.
 Your locals, trustees. Aye! all who would the subject broach
 Will say, "Yes! J. N. Ross has lived above reproach."
 Oh, wonderful love, faith and trust that so can keep a man
 Through all the world's temptations yet firm he stands.
 We thank Thee, Dear Lord, even for one short year for this
 great prize
 And may our hearts beat in unison tonight while we his life
 do eulogize.

Some will wait till one has passed away
 And then their good and noble deeds will rise up in a day.
 But while they're living, breathing, well and strong
 Is when I love to sing their praise—not wait till they have
 passed away and gone.

Just note, for instance, when we love a friend,
 The floral tributes, Aye! there is no end.
 Beautiful designs—anchor, cross and dove
 All speak from the noble, generous heart that one word
 "Love."

So, as you journey forth, Dear Pastor, Leader, friend of ours,
 Our hearts go with you,
 And may fragrant flowers be strewn along thy way,
 And may your life be one bright, sunshine day.

LINES ON BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

It seems quite befitting, I've long since been thinking,
And I am sure you with me will agree,
As a few lines we will trace of a great man of our race—
This man is our own Booker T.

A great educator—and the Lord and Creator
Endowed him with wisdom and brain.
The girls and the boys owe their comfort and joys
To this man who in life has an aim.

His aim and ambition lie in his position,
Any man could feel honored and proud,
And this great institution where Booker T. reigns,
The world in its praises are loud.
He works and beseeches—explains while he teaches :
He believes while you're feeding the brain
That Labor! All Labor! is worthy and good,
And industry's one's highest aim.

This wonderful leader, deep thinker and reader
Says "Head and hands are combined."
Them you can not divide; they must work side by side;
Hands must help the head, brains and mind.

If the girl is accomplished, keen-witted and shrewd,
Cultured—refined—and well read,
She should also be taught to sweep, iron and sew,
And mix up a good batch of bread.

This honored Professor and thrifty Progressor,

In his school teaches industry, too;
Boys and girls, learn to work; honest labor don't shirk;
It will make men and women of you.

All over creation, and tribes of each nation
Are seeing as plain as can be
That this school in Tuskegee, endorsed by Carneigie,
Has found the most important key
To the problem of teaching; and the plan is fast reaching
All over this country so wide.
So keep ever in mind, and you always will find
Labor and intellect must go side by side.

For labor is honorable, worthy and good,
So people, wake up—you and me;
We are sleeping too long. Let us sing the glad song,
And give all praise to good Booker T.

"MEMORIES."

Finding myself alone Dear
And having a little time
And feeling in the humor
To write a little rhyme,
My thoughts go out to you, Love,
And I wonder if it can be so
That you are the boy and I am the girl,
They met long years ago.

And yet it don't seem long, Dear,
As I think of the time and place,
The quaint little village school house
It's there where I first saw your face.
Do you often recall the time, Dear.
Does the little old school house still stand?
Where we met for the first time together
And I still feel the touch of your hand

As you held mine, so gently a moment,
When the introduction took place.
And why did my heart throb within me
As my glance fell upon your kind face?

I recall too the dinner next Sabbath
And the party that sat on the lawn,
Two out of the party so happy
Could have lingered from evening till dawn.
But finally the sweet spell was broken
When the good wife called all in to dine
Where a good sumptuous spread was awaiting
And the service befittingly fine.

The party broke up in the evening,
Now—what of the boy and the girl
Whose hearts beat so strong for each other
And brain and mind in a mad whirl?
It is natural to think that they wandered
Alone in the twilight to roam,
But not so; for our noble young hero
Was her husband and that was her home.

"ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT WM. McKINLEY."

Snatched like a flash from this world of sin and woe—
Gone the way we all must go.
Standing thoughtless of all harm,
Happy, strong and well;
A murderer's hand was raised
And lo! He fell.

Our president, leader, ruler of the land,
Was shot down by a murderer's cruel hand.
He was kept from falling by his guards
And a number of the Royal Grand;
But a negro snatched the steaming gun from the villain's hand,
A negro, courageous and brave, threw the gun aside,
Or a third ball would have pierced the president's side.

He lived a short while,
And those who upon him did attend
Said he was patient until the end.
Wm. McKinley is no more,
His race on earth is run.
The last words that he uttered were:
"God's will be done."
Oh, what a warning his death should be to all,
Showing how sudden can be our fall.

A day or two before he died,
With face so radiant and bright,
He said to those around him:
"Sing 'Lead Kindly Light.'"
Dear saint—he knew his soul would soon be free,

And with the faintest smile he murmured:

"Nearer my God to Thee."

Rank, wealth, power,

Aye! It matters not how grand—

We must bow some day

To the Master's hand.

And may we, when the time does come,

Say, like William McKinley, "God's will be done."

"STOLEN SWEETS."

Tell me, dearest, truly,

Was it really joy and bliss,

And did you feel as I did

While stealing kiss after kiss?

To me the Garden of the Gods

Was nothing to compare

To the pleasure of that evening—

Pleasures rich and rare.

But stolen sweets are dangerous

And, honestly, you'll lack

If you don't call in a short while

And pay those kisses back.

These lines were written by the author on Sunday evening, June 28, 1914, the same night of the successful Church Rally at Warren A. M. E. Church, the last poem written for this edition entitled:

JUST GIVE THE CREDIT TO LEE.

It was an awful burden
And we will not soon forget
The awful—awful struggle
To rid our church of debt.
Our church it was remodeled
And looked fine we do agree,
But 'twas nothing but pay off interest
Till God sent us Rev. Lee.

We must give Butler credit
For he had the heart, like Lee,
But the Bishop changed him
Then all we did was to pay interest off you see.
Year after year we struggled
And seemed to pull apart;
There's some who lost all interest
And many they lost heart.

But God was merciful and good
And today our church is free
Through the energy of one good man,
That man is Rev. Lee.
He came to us four years ago
And went right straight to work;
Commenced to straighten out the ones
Who were inclined to shirk.

In every hole and corner,
This man of God was there,
Bringing sinners to repentance
By aid of Song and Prayer.
Poor—Obscure—Downtrodden,
It mattered not to Lee,
And that is just the reason
Our Church today is free.

Ah! what a Glorious Rally
In that dear old Church tonight
The money, it just poured in
And what a pretty sight
To see Captains and Lieutenants
And Secretaries (all)
Sitting receiving the money
Under waving banners tall.

The amount, two hundred dollars,
Each company was asked to raise
And the clubs—they worked most faithfully
We must say God's name be praised!
When the money was all counted,
There were thirteen Hundred strong;
Oh- how the people's faces fell
They could scarcely raise a song.

Then finally came the General
Made up the balance the people cried
Hurrah for Rev. Lee!
The Club known as the Busy Bee

Was swarming all around
And this very busy company
Four Hundred Dollars found.
The Captain, Mrs. Clemens,
Had the work at heart you see
And it made one feel like working
Under Noble General Lee.

Two Hundred and Sixty Dollars
Was the work of the Ladies' Guild
And the Captain, Jennie Winston,
Said they would not stop until
They had what every company
Was required to turn in.
Then the Company got real busy.
Do this, you'll be sure to win.

The King's Daughters they were happy,
Their two hundred and more were there;
Mrs. Artist, the worthy Leader,
Sat in the choir and led the air
But kept her eyes on her table
As her Secretaries would count
And look at them—as much as to say—
Don't fall short of the amount.

And the other Clubs did nobly
In raising a good amount;
They all did work most faithfully
And gave correct account.
Even the little children
Worked with such a will
Showing their determination
To help pay off the bill.
Of the Army—and when he

The Rally now is over,
Old Warren Church is free,
All through the will and energy
Of the Pastor, Rev. Lee.

“LOVE PURIFIED.”

Should all the world grow cold to me
And friends forsake and cast me down,
I know dear heart that you'll remain the same,
Thou canst not change; ah, no, not thee.
The vow we vowed, the pledge we made
Is registered in heaven above.
For was it not before our God and King
We swore our troth and pledged our love?

So what care we for friends or foe,
Our souls are one, our hearts entwined.
We only know and feel we must endure
And wait and hope some day to find—
To find the rest our souls do crave.
The perfect love we know and feel
Are ours—but yet we sometimes doubt
That love for which we know is real.

And when we reach that golden shore
Sweetheart we'll love then ever more,
A love so deep and purified
Will then be ours—Oh! Lord, abide.

"TO VIOLA."

Sweet Viola sing to me,
Chant to me a lullaby.
When you sing I feel to be
As one afloat far out at sea.

Sweet Viola Van Vlerah
With voice so rich; so sweet and clear,
Tell me wondrous night-in-gale
Who art thou? From whence did you hail?
Tell me from what nook or bower
You spring with all this glorious power?
Tell me sweet Viola dear,
Little charmer, have no fear.

I hear you sing, my heart beats fast,
And o'er me such a spell you cast
At last I awake; the dream is o'er,
Yet still I long and long for more.
Do sing again my nymph, my queen.
Sing, sing, Enchantress, for I we'en,
The birds keep silent in the tree
To hear you sing "My Rosary."

Your voice has won my heart complete,
My thoughts go out to thee my Dear.
Ah! do not wake me, let me dream
Of sweet Viola Van Vlerah.

"DE SEPARATION."

Come here Lize, let's talk it over,
Fo we part for good and true;
Separatin' ain't so easy
On account of little Sue.
But we can't get on together,
Whose fault it is I do not know,
And you have so often told me
I could pack my duds and go.

Dis little house dat we has paid fur,
Keep it Liz, it 'longs to you.
Do I worked most hard to own it,
I leaves it now to you and Sue.
Old Moll, de cow, I leaves you also
And de chickens one and all;
Keep de furniture too Liza
And de pictures on de wall.

'Cept dat one you gave me, Liza,
Just about free years ago;
Fo we made dat vow to heaven
To stick together fru life you know.
But promises sometimes are broken,
Of late wo sorter don't hitch right.
I see you smilin', Ann Liza,
But don't just catch de meanen quite.

Lawd knows I'll miss yo' apple dumplings,
De cozy home yo' allers keep.
My meals yo' allers has 'em ready,

Yo'self a lookin' trim and neat.
What's dat I hear you sayin', Liza,
I shan't go, is dat what I hear?
I do declar females is funny,
Put on de dinner, Liza, Dear!

"DE CITY AND BIG CON."

De city and de big con am having an awful time,
De big con wants to have der way,
De city says, "I'll have mine."
Its sumfen bout de franchise
Dats run out long time go,
De big con used de people's streets
But pay so cussed slow.

De city says de people shall
Pay only three cent fare.
De big con dey gits awful hot
And goes way up in de air.
De city made de greement.
Now it's up to you and me
If de big con fuses de three cent
We can every one ride free.

Lawd, I hope 'twill soon be settled,
Dis fight dey now have on
And peace be once more established
'Tween de city and de big con.

After sitting under the sound of Rev. McWilliam's voice and listening to Oh! such an eloquent sermon, when he first came to Toledo as Pastor of Third Baptist Church in the year of 1910, he as ever been associated in my mind as a very grand, pure-minded and highly educated gentleman; one of the grandest of—— I was going to say "our race" but will say any race." He is an orator worthy of great comment. You certainly are held spellbound while listening to the little gentleman, who, though small in stature, has the largest mind, the greatest soul and keenest intellect.

Noble deeds and noble actions,
Loyal, honest, kind and just,
With an upright, manly bearing,
A man to respect—a man to trust.
His refined and cultured manner
Is that a prince might well be proud.
When first I met this worthy Reverend
My praise for him was long and loud.
His natural wit is so refreshing,
His brilliancy and high aim
All of which he seems unconscious
Gives our hero wondrous fame.

Were there only more men like him,
Fearless, honest, upright men,
Not afraid to speak the truth
Whether it be foe or friend.

Then in conclusion: may McWilliams
Hold for the right—defend the race
And some day he will be rewarded
When He shall see him face to face.

Composed by the author upon Hon. Chas. A. Cottrell's return from Columbus, where he had been filling a responsible position in the State House.

Ring the bells and fire the guns,
Wave your starry banner high.
Shout your joyous praises loud,
Victory is nigh.

Yes,—tell the news to every one,
Black and white, and old and young.
The leader of our race so dear
Will soon be here.

Why, oh why, then should not we
Feel rejoiced once more to see
This man whose brains and head and mind
Work for mankind?

Good position filled by men
Through Cottrill's influence; and then
Our leader, no he never knew
When he was through.

The race pride in him is so strong
His great ambition and his aim is
To have the black man push ahead
And win a name.

Altho our leader is a man
Of highest standard; it matters not
The outcast and obscure; how low they fall

He has a gentle word and a smile for all.

He seems to have been born to take the lead
Among his fellowmen; and this we know,
Even tho he be a leader, statesman, ruler,
Yet he is the people's friend.

Ah! yes, your coming back we hail with joy,
We claim you; are you not our very own?
And we rejoice to know
That soon, yes, soon, you're coming home.

"CUPID'S BOAT FOR ONLY YOU AND I."

Only you and I love
Can sail in this canoe.
Only you and I love,
No one but just us two.
O'er the rippling waters,
Beneath the deep blue sky,
Sailing through life together,
Just you and I.

Only, Only, only room for two,
Just you and I Dear,
Can sail in this canoe.
'Twas built by one called Cupid,
A boat of love; that's why
No one can glide out with the tide
But you and I.

If a storm should come, Love,
And we were far from shore,
And we fully realized
Life's dream for us was o'er,
I would clasp you to my breast,
We'd neither fear nor cry
And thus we will leave this earthly world
Just you and I.

NATIONAL POEM.

Composed and recited by the author at a Mock Congress.

Why this bustle, why this turmoil?
Why this busy, busy throng?
Everything seems all excitement,
Is there something going wrong?
Ah (no) nothing wrong—far from it—
Calm your fears my man,
And bow to these rulers, to these leaders,
Congress is in session now.

Senators and learned statemen;
Wise men made to rule and reign;
To make laws and make them proper
Requires deep thought and active brain.

George Washington, the father of our country,
And first president of United States,
For two terms held the honored office,
New laws he and his cabinet makes.

They got the new government into operation,
That we can proudly now call ours,
And prevented the nation born
Being entangled in European wars.

Although the cotton gin invention
Increased the wealth throughout the land;
This unfortunately brought slavery,
Slave labor, the negroes were great in demand.

John Adams was the second president,
In '97 his reign began;
He only served one term,
Which closed in the year 1801.

The third president, Thomas Jefferson,
Then took the seat, and here we find,
Served two terms, from 1801 to the year 1809.

Two terms James Madison ruled the people,
Fourth president of the state, perchance,
At the beginning of his ruling,
Great Britain was at war with France.

Standing near the ruins of the Washington Capitol,
When the president made his inaugural address,
There he took his oath of office,
There he bravely stood the test.

Here the time of dark, dark slavery,
Really and truly had begun,
And the fight 'twixt North and South,
From early morn till set of sun.

The president of unblemished character,
And honest purpose went to and fro
Trying to quell the feeling of hatred,
The honored man was James Monroe.

John Quincy Adams, the 6th president,
Served one term, yet, during the time,
By the State of N. Y.

The Erie Canal was completed and put in line.

The most important public improvement
Made in the U. S.,
Connecting the Hudson and other rivers
With the wonderful Erie Lakes.

Andrew Jackson, fearless and honest,
Two terms to the people given,
Took his seat in '29,
And retired in 1837.

Van Buren, the 8th president, held one term,
Business failures and panics made things on the
bum.
So the president was glad
To step down and out in the year 1841.

James K. Polk, the 11th president, one term served,
The second declined, and modestly retired in 49.

Taylor and Filmore's administration,
12th and 13th Presidents found,
The talk over the extension of slavery,
Much trouble in the North abound.

President Y. Taylor, tho himself a great slaveholder
Yet agreed for California to be free,
But Calhoun and his party so strongly opposed it
And feeling so bitter they could not agree.

In this year was the working of the underground

railroad,
And many fugitives smuggled away
From the South and hateful bondage,
 Of which is the wonder and tale of today.

Franklin Pearce, the fourteenth president,
 Took his seat in '53.
Served one term and good John Brown
 Planned for the slaves to be set free.

James Buchanon, 15th president,
 Served one term and as you see,
The next president was good old Lincoln,
 The man who set the slaves free.

Abraham Lincoln, 16th president,
 From '61 to '65,
Did more for this, our country
 Than all the presidents besides.

'Twas in the dark, dark days of slavery,
 Our hero worked and planned that he
Might win the victory over the South
 And set the slaves all free.

The war began, the battle started,
 Brave men for their country bled and died;
Fought like heroes, died like soldiers,
 For privileges and rights denied.

The war is ended, and the victory
 f the North over South is won,

And when Lincoln issued the proclamation,
We cried, Thank God, the work is done.

Then comes the cruel-hearted assassin,
And takes that which he cannot give,
The life of our noble hero,
But, thank God, his soul will always live.

Oh, martyred one, oh! noble one,
Who always stood out for the right.
You'll always live within our hearts,
You out of darkness brought the light.

(Reconstruction)—The new nation, 1865 to the present term.
The untimely death of Abraham Lincoln,
Made Andrew Jackson the nation's head.
His task was hard, his burdens heavy,
For a whispering voice from the dead

Seemed to ever, ever warn him,
Do your duty near or far,
Be for right, and watch the ending.
The close of the Civil War.

General Grant, our wide-awake president,
Served two terms, it was during his time
The electric lights and telephones
And the Pacific railroad was put in line.

Rutherford B. Hayes, 19th president,
In 77 his reign began,
Served his country good and faithfully,

From '77 to '81.

James A. Garfield, the 20th president,
Took his seat in 81,
And before the first year ended,
And before his work was done,

The enemy's hand was raised against him,
A man named Guitteau fired the gun
That took the life of James A. Garfield
Before his work was fairly begun.

Chester Arthur, then vice president,
Finished the term, was much alive
To things that were needed
And retired in 1885.

Grover Cleveland, 22nd president,
First Democrat since Lincoln's reign,
Served one term and by his ruling
Showed deep thought and active brain.

The 23rd president was Benjamin Harrison,
Known for outspoken words,
His thoughts ever were free,
He served his country from '89 to 1893.

The 24th president, Grover Cleveland,
Was elected again,
And the great outbursts from the people
Showed his second reign excelled the first.

The 25th president was Wm. McKinley,
That mourned president, loved so well,
But the enemy came and so he fell.
Our president, Leader, Ruler of the land,
Was shot down by a murderers cruel hand.
He was kept from falling by his guards,
And a number of the royal grand,
But a negro snatched the steaming weapon
From the villain's hand.
A negro courageous and brave,
Threw the gun aside,
Or a third ball would
Have pierced the president's side.
He lived a short while,
And those who upon him attend,
Said he was patient to the end.
William McKinley is no more,
His race on earth is run.
The last words that he uttered were,
"God's will be done."
Those hymns he loved,
And just before his soul was set at liberty,
He whispered, sing "Nearer, My God to Thee."
His wish was granted,
And with a radiant smile so bright,
He murmured, "Sing Kindly light."

Rank, wealth, power, Ah! it matters not how grand,
We must bow some day to the Master's hand.
And may we when the time does come,
Say, like McKinley, "God's will be done."

The 26th president was Theodore Roosevelt,
And in spite of all that has been said,
If looked at squarely, I think our people
Owe something to the congenial Ted.

For Howard Taft, number 27,
At first the people picked the flaws,
Saying tho Taft would be the ruler,
Roosevelt, he would make the laws.
Even then him we should honor,
And freely let our praises abound,
For giving Cottrel a position,
Our Charley, from our own home town.

Our present president, Woodrow Wilson,
Whose mind is said to be wonderfully sound,
Let's pray that if it's in his power,
He'll cut the cost of living down.

But pshaw, just see the time I've taken,
I'd quite forgotten, its plainly seen,
Nearly eight o'clock, now ain't this awful,
When Congress opens at 8:15.

I must be there for organization,
For I would not really give a dime,
To enter a great National Congress,
Unless I can go there on time.

Albert King, the honored president,
I must hear his message read,
Or perhaps the Sect., John H. Harter,

Will read the message in his stead.

Rev. McWilliams, the worthy vice,
Is always prompt upon the scene,
And Edward Harris and O. G. Fields,
The Secretary of Ways and Means.

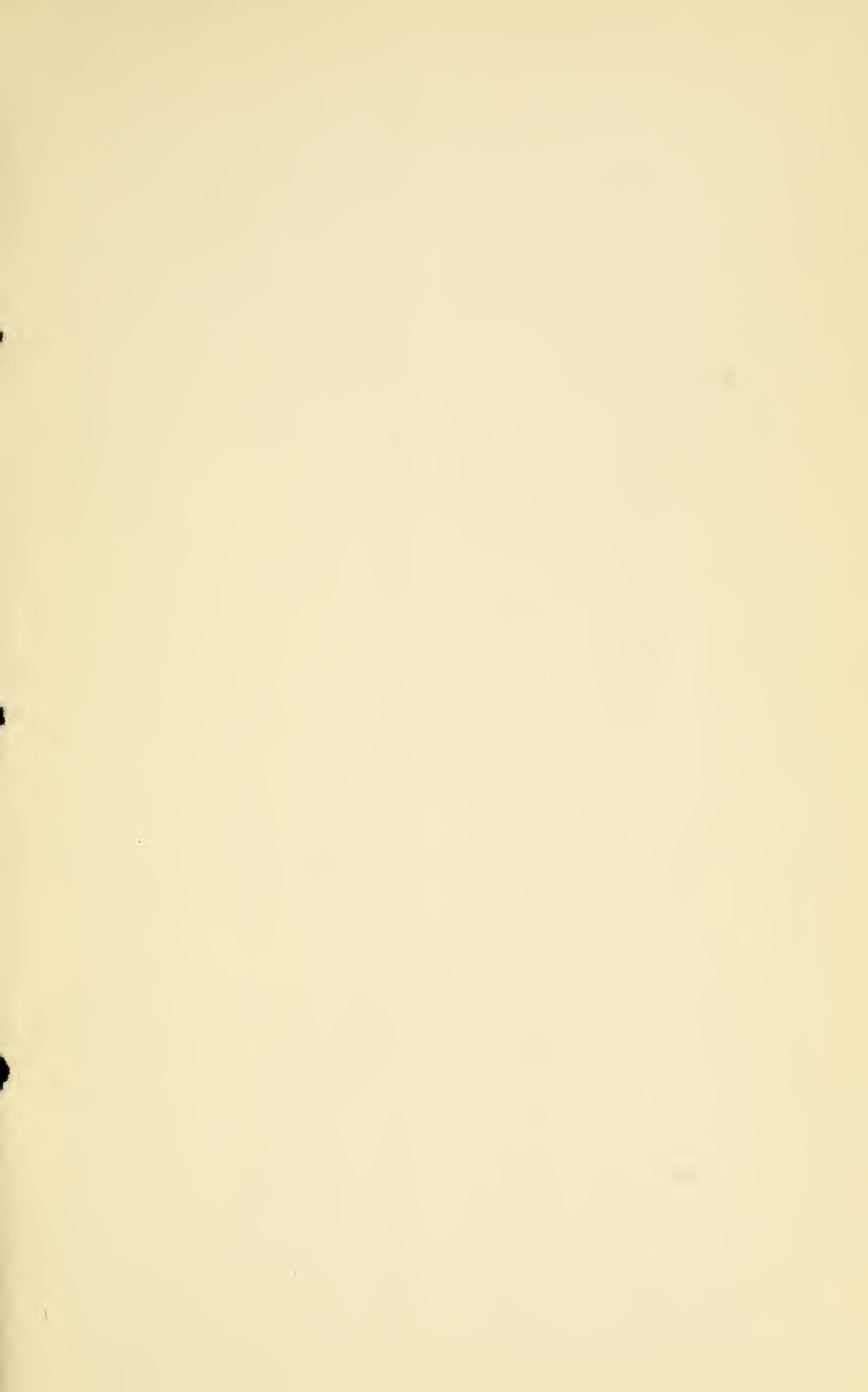
To think of missing such a session,
My very soul it thrills,
I would not for a hundred dollars
Miss the presentation of bills.

Had I the time, I'd love to mention,
Something of our own dear race,
Our town has something we can be proud of,
And sometime when opportunity will embrace
We'll speak of advancement of the negro,
Eight o'clock, (times up) I vow
Not another moment to tarry,
For congress is in session now.

By Mrs. K. Maud Speed,

On "The Mock National Congress."

Warren A. M. E. Church, May 19, 20, 21, 1913.





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